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An Acid Test

Consider the relations between the so-called covenant in the Treaty of Versailles and the special engagement for the protection of France.

The managing directors of the league are the same countries which are asked to participate in the specific engagement. Great Britain, France and the United States: these are the leaders—one might almost say the masters—of the Paris Conference. The three nations, with Italy and Japan, and a cloud of other nations as proxy givers, are the owners of the majority stock in a corporation of power. With the three is preponderance of wealth, of machinery and effective manpower. Their will is law.

This corporation of power, in control of the world, would continue, it is said, the substance of the coalition in the interest of peace, of self-defence, of justice. With the inner coterie of the three or the five in command, the forces of the general league are to be hurled against any nation seized by war madness. Here is the essence of the league project.

The most probable occasion calling for a functioning of the general league will arise with respect to France. This is everywhere conceded. Great Britain is protected by her fleet; the United States by the broad oceans and a demonstrated ability to recruit and equip vast armies; Japan by her Oriental isolation, and Italy by the fact that the road to her lies through France. France is on the firing line. Her borders are the frontier. Until the trans-Rhine region becomes normal and trustworthy France is sentinel. The general league obviously may not be regarded as having a will for peace if unwilling to aid France in the event of another attack by Germany.

It is to be deduced from these considerations, is a necessary consequence of a survey of political, geographic and ethnical facts, that no one can be accepted as favorable to the idea of a league to enforce peace who is opposed to special pledges to France. No advocate of the league may be deemed sincere who is hostile to promising assistance against an attack where there is the greatest reason to fear it. A besieged army looks to its lowest walls. The weak link in a chain is strengthened if the chain is to hold. Achilles should have worn armor on his heel.

The heart of the league is in the proposed engagement for the benefit of France. Reject it, and the league is dead. A pulmotor is needed to oxygenize inactive lungs. If France is not to be protected, what other country may expect protection? Imagine an engineer pretending to want his wheels to revolve forbidding an attachment of a connecting belt. A chauffeur who will not throw in a clutch does not seek to travel, no matter what he may say. To give lip service to the league while refusing to apply it in the clearest case is to imitate the mother who consented that her daughter should go out to swim, but forbade her going near water.

Attitude toward the engagement thus furnishes an acid test of the true attitude toward the league idea. It exposes the hypocrisy of men who consciously promote a fraud. See the pretenders scuttle! The newspaper Pecksniffs who have been piously chanting psalms in praise of the covenant now have little to say. They discern great difficulties in the way of getting the engagement ratified. They don't want any arrangement with teeth to it. So they confess that all along they have been aware that scarcely a flicker of vitality is in the covenant plan; imply that it was prepared in the hope of fooling the public.

Respect may be felt for a flat opponent of entry into entanglements of any kind. America, on the whole, has served the world and herself well by aloofness. It is by no means certain we should depart from the national tradition. But contempt goes out to the peace leaguer who fills his mouth with sanctimonious phrases and then runs away when asked to sign something definite.

If France may not be insured by the league managers, then no country will be insured by the league. The world would have before it an instance of a president of a corporation borrowing money in the name of the corporation, but refusing to indorse the note himself.

Obsequies Without Mourners

The ambitious scheme of Mr. Peek, of the Industrial Board, to be a benevolent price autocrat has come to an early smash. It has been kicked downstairs by the combined boots of Secretaries Glass and Redfield, with Mr. Hines, of the railroad administration, handling a pitchfork.

Mr. Peek meant well—no man ever meant better. He thought, with a statistician at his side, that he could "stabilize" with justice to all, and that at his soft command the tempests of competition would be still. Alas! it was not to be. In time of crisis it is possible temporarily to bridle differences of opinion with respect to values, but when the pressure is off the wild horses of economic law snort and deport themselves according to their habit.

There is to be an open market for steel. Mr. Hines is to buy rails where he can get them cheapest. Perhaps the sellers will ask more than he thinks ought to be paid. The steel men predict a rise, but if the figures given by Mr. Hines of steel profits are correct it will not last long. Not because the steel men are not greedy, but because some are so greedy as to grab for business. The open market is best, not because producers are unselfish, but because they are selfish.

Let us hope little more will be heard of price stabilization. Trade freedom pays steadier dividends to the public. If the prices fixed are high, production is so stimulated (witness a 900,000,000-bushel winter wheat crop) as to create an unwieldy surplus. If too low, there is dearth of goods needed. The stabilizer is never able to hit the true level.

It has been a time when men have not so much dreamed dreams as dreamed false ones. Government for, of and by professors is not as good as the old kind. The obsequies of price fixing are being held, and few eyes are wet. Adjustments must be made as always they are made—not by freezing business, but by leaving it fluid. Supply and demand may not be heavenly twins, but they are a team that pull the wagon.

Germany's Military Shackles

"The military power of Germany is broken," said Hindenburg in applying for leave to retire from his command. That was before the peace terms were made public. The terms submitted at Versailles break organized German military power in a manner which Hindenburg must have failed to visualize, even when he thought that he was prepared for the worst.

What remains of the completest and most efficient military machine in Europe? The German army is to be limited in strength to 96,000 men and 4,000 officers—about the strength of the army of the United States in 1915. The general staff is abolished. Conscription is done away with. In order to prevent a repetition of Hardenberg's shrewd rotation tactics after 1806, enlisted men must serve for twelve consecutive years and officers must agree to serve for twenty-five years. Germany is to revert to the type of standing army in vogue before the reign of Frederick the Great.

A modern army is impotent without artillery and munitions. Krupp's was the foundation stone of German militarism. But Krupp's is apparently to be dismantled. Only a few munitions plants are to remain open, and the exact amount of armament and munitions to be retained or manufactured by Germany is prescribed in tables attached to the treaty, but not yet published. No German arms or munitions establishment may sell to foreign governments. It was trade of this sort which enabled Krupp's to maintain its output in peace time and to build up a plant readily expanded to meet Germany's needs in a world war. Germany may neither export nor import war materials, and is forbidden to manufacture poison gases or submarines, or to use airplanes or seaplanes for military purposes.

The naval terms are equally onerous. Germany ceases to rank among the major naval powers. She will retain six small battleships (none exceeding 10,000 tons), six light cruisers, twelve destroyers and twelve torpedo boats, with a personnel of 15,000 men. No member of the commercial marine is permitted to have any naval training. No battleship can be replaced within twenty years, no destroyer within fifteen years, except such as are lost at sea.

The German fleet, in fact, becomes negligible. Yet this is not a blow to German military power at all comparable to the restriction put upon the land establishment. Germany no longer has any colonies and for years to come will have a limited merchant marine. She needs no navy. The great Tirpitz fleet was a costly illusion. It could not help Germany to win the war. It made the loss of the war inevitable when its illegal U-boat warfare converted the United States from a neutral into a belligerent. The German fleet became useless to Germany long before it went to Scarpa Flow.

No military nation ever before was so elaborately put into chains as Germany now has been. Yet Germany's population still numbers over 60,000,000 and still is warlike. How long will the chains hold? France seems to fear that they will not bind indefinitely. She has demanded the demolition of all fortified works within a zone fifty kilometres wide on the east bank of the Rhine. It is an added precaution. But such a precaution suggests skepticism. Prussia recovered in a few years after the dismemberment of 1806. Her continued military impotency will depend now on the moral energy with which the Allied nations enforce the peace terms. Germany may accept the peace, but she will not forgive it. She will await the appearance of other Hardenbergs and other Blüchers. Keeping her in bonds will require unrelenting purpose and sleepless vigilance.

The Plea of Fiume

Before dismissing Fiume it is well to remark that the fortnight's discussion has been sadly illustrative. First, there was a general lack of knowledge. Until recently probably a majority of our people were not sure whether Fiume was the name of a wine or a city. Second, a seemingly partisan desire existed to prevent the dissemination of correct information. Third, let it be confessed with humility, Americans are prone to pick out some general principle that seems to be pertinent, and then to apply it as if no other principle existed.

With respect to Fiume the maxim selected was that it is not just to deny a hinterland access to the sea. Our citizens of Italian extraction were qualified to give judgment as to this, but lacked facilities for reaching public opinion and were largely reduced to speechless indignation by the outrageous way the Fiume case was presented.

Fiume has been described as an integral part of Jugo-Slav territory. It is not and never has been. It has been a Hungarian appanage, but with its area of seven square miles recognized by Hungary as a *corpus separatum*. It has had local autonomy and its own deputies in the Hungarian Parliament. Hungary was composed of three states—Hungary, Croatia and Fiume.

The proposal to put it under the Jugo-Slav flag was thus annexationist—an annexation not justified by the right of access to the sea, for on the Croatian coast, particularly between Buccari and Carlogako, are excellent harbors, while Hungary, without Fiume, will be coastless. Let it be repeated that to put the Jugo-Slavs in possession would be unmitigated annexation.

Under the hinterland argument Hungary rather than Jugo-Slavia should have Fiume. Hungarian money built the port and the connecting railroads, and the principal commerce has been to and from Hungary, only 7 per cent being with Croatia. The Jugo-Slavs, if allowed, would be more likely to close the gateway against Hungary than Italy is to close it against either Hungary or Croatia. The settlement advocated by the President was a departure in two respects from the principles of the fourteen points.

Politically and commercially related to Hungary, Fiume is ethnically and culturally Italian. All the mayors, all the deputies, the members of the municipal council, of the chamber of commerce and the judges of the courts have long been Italians. The present government is Italian, and on October 30, before the signing of the armistice, this government declared its separation from Hungary and its adhesion to Italy. This action followed no bayonet election, but was free and spontaneous.

Another misrepresentation has been the implication that the Italians would be toll takers from the hinterland. Fiume under Hungarian rule has had, as indicated above, a special status. Her port has been free. Her people, of course, have no desire to change a condition on which their prosperity is based. Her population has formally declared a willingness to have the port continued free, with the peoples and the goods of the interior admitted without paying duties or meeting obstacles of any kind.

As between Jugo-Slavia and Italy the latter's selection was required not only by ethnical rights, but by access to the sea.

Coming From Behind

There is dramatic truth in the fact that our navy biplanes are only just arriving upon the transatlantic scene, weeks and months behind their rivals. If our men do succeed in crossing first it will be the clearest and most famous victory against terrific handicap that America ever has won.

True, the first heavier than air machine was designed and built by Langley, on the Potomac. True, the American Wrights were the first to fly. Witness their monument in France. But our nation, as so often in things military, refused to assist its inventive geniuses, and the development of the idea that America created passed to other lands. It was part of our strange refusal to prepare in any fashion that prevented any real progress by our army and navy fliers in the first years of the war. While France and England and Germany were embarking on the most thrilling adventure of the war, the final conquest of the air, our country stood idle. When we finally entered the war we could only follow the path of others. Peace came before our long delayed quantity production could make itself felt.

This was the colossal handicap which the army and the navy have faced, which Commander Towers and his fellow aviators to-day are at last close to overcoming in the most conspicuous and daring of all air tests. The showing made in the trip to Halifax was excellent.

It is a tense and exciting race. The good wishes of every American are with our modest and courageous crews. They are worthy successors of our pioneers of the air, and in their name may victory be ours!

The Conning Tower

OUR ALLIES' FOLKSONGS

II

Lullaby

[*From the Ecuadorian of Rinaldo Moreno**]

Weep no longer, little child,
Hush.
Lie softly here
On your mother's arm.
Hush, little child.

*Rinaldo Moreno, Ecuador's foremost poet (1829-1898), was born at Vermicelli, a hamlet hard by Quinto, in 1829. His parents were poor peasants, but young Moreno worked his way through the University of Ecuador, where his lyric ability won him the distinction of being class poet. The "Lullaby" is perhaps his best known poem, its poignant simplicity and sheer arrestingness giving it a stark distinction.

"So far as the Postoffice is concerned, people have just about given up hope. It begins to look as if things will never be any better while Mr. ——— remains at the head of the department. All is muddle and humbug and dishonesty and waste and extravagance. And so in the Postoffice nobody takes Mr. ——— seriously. He is regarded as a joke, and a joke in rather bad taste. If you have any complaint to make in any postal matter—don't. You won't get any redress, or if you do get it it will cost you so much trouble and annoyance that it won't be worth getting." Thus the Sydney, Australia, Triad, commenting on Mr. Webster of the P. O. D. It is a s. s. thought that our own department is so much better administered.

It May Be a Shell Shocked Ear, Ours

Sir: I have sworn that no con game of your Conning Tower shall make me contribute to any column but my own. So this is not a contrib, but only a request that you contribute still further to the enlightenment of your own readers. Having told them that your shell-pink ear finds only one iambic foot in the syllables which my dull organ reads "*By the e-lev*" (not "By *the elev*"); and also having stuck to it that you find only one foot in "In *Chrisendom*"; will you now kindly explain by what shell game the said shell-pink ear makes five feet out of the four syllables of that other pentameter line of yours, "The Crowns of Kings"? JOHN CORBIN.

If our geodetic survey got five feet out of "The Crowns of Kings," ours is a punker ear than pink. But the impression we got was that it was an irregular line, such as (we open the office Shakespeare) "and passion in the gods," "For Hecuba," or "O vengeance!" (Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2.)

But Mr. Corbin's ear is at fault when he says "a contrib," meaning a contribution. A contrib is one who contributes. Welcome, O new contrib!

CONFESSION

In the days when peace was real,
The lure of the West
Carried me to the hills of Wyoming,
To the land of sun, and dreams—and WORK.
The pinto ponies grazed at ease
Over miles of rough, unfenced hills and valleys;
And a thousand head of dull, painted cattle
Waited for my coming.

Before the sun peeped over the divide
I now called home,
A hoarse old termagant
Would "Jerry" me to life,
And in a dream I'd rise to greet the sun.

Cows are lovely—on a canvas;
And grazing horses lift my soul to grace.
But, oh—
A dozen cows to milk,
A dozen steeds to corral for the day's work,
A hundred chicks to feed,
A barn to clean—
All for a morning mess of pottage.

And all the while the great outdoors
Hummed carelessly about me.
The singing bee provoked me with his roadside joy—
How could I stop to speak to him
With a forty acre field of hay to mow?
(Does that answer you, Walt Whitman?)
Or watch the coyote slink behind a wooded hill
At my coming.
All joy, all beauty snatched in fragments—
Painful because incomplete.

And then the long, long afternoon.
The consciousness of living in a paradise of beauty,
Where joy turns to bitterness
As it flees.

The night draws on—
And bitter herbage is the evening meal.
My little cot,
In God's wild desert tomb,
Becomes a dreamless pallet of death,
That splits the even spells of joy and pain.

One day
The heavy morning air
Trembled at the sound of steam.
A travelling sawyer with his tooting engine
And its low, fat smokestack
Wabbled up the road.
Each cough and puff brought back the buried past.
Where? What?
Ye gods!
The FERRY-BOATS!
I saw those sweating floats,
Crowded with winged, happy souls,
Undulating on a blue, liquid sky.
My bonds fell from me.
I was free,
Free as the sawyer and his roving engine.

Back to the sea,
To the docks and the swish of the ferry-boat's backwash,
To the rising spires of masts,
To the rattle of hammers and the shouts of dockers,
To a prison—to the arms of my own home town. JERRY.

An athletic insurance man is Charles E. Chipley, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., who, take it from his letterhead, deals in Reality and Fire Casulty Insurance.

Not that we should blame that patriot if he grenaded The Tribune's proofreader who allowed him to stand as Arthur Somers Boche.

There can be no doubt that the waging of war was a luxury to Germany.

Why not make her add the 10% tax to the indemnity? F. P. A.

Allies May Yet Lose War

By Leo Pasvolsky

Editor of the "Russkoye Slovo" (a Russian newspaper of New York) who has spent several months at the Peace Conference

GERMANY has lost much, but one thing she has not lost. She still has that same spirit of economic aggression which had characterized all her international efforts during a decade and a half preceding the war. During that short period of time, by placing everything at the disposal of economic aggression, making politics, science and even national spirit subservient to economic aggression, Germany had forged ahead at a marvellous speed and with remarkable force. She still has the same spirit to-day.

The change in Germany's government certainly does not affect this most important factor in her life. If anything, it strengthens it. The same men who were responsible for these policies under the imperial regime still remain in places where they can win even greater power in this respect. Germany still exists as a factor of economic aggression, perhaps rendered even more dangerous in this respect by the necessity of the burden which the war has imposed upon her.

Cut off from the sea by the loss of her commercial navy, disappointed in her dreams of expansion toward the East through Constantinople and Asia Minor, Germany must of necessity turn her attention to the only remaining possibility of her economic strength—to Russia.

If Germany acquires Russia economically her own economic future is secured. She will know how to organize, to exploit, the vast treasures of natural resources, and the source of unlimited man power which is known historically as Russia. In order to do this it is necessary for her either to keep Russia broken up into small parts or else to push her back to a reactionary and monarchistic state order. Either of these arrangements would render Russia so weak that she would necessarily have to depend upon Germany and would be an open field for German penetration.

Enter the Slavs

Every act of the Allied countries which brings the situation in Russia nearer to either one of these possibilities is, indeed, a holiday for Germany. Every indecision, every delay, every Allied blunder with respect to Russia, is a boon for Germany, for it brings Germany nearer to the goal which she has sought in Russia so insistently and which she is still seeking to-day.

The Russian problem is not a problem of Bolshevism alone. Bolshevism is merely a manifestation of one of the phases of what is taking place in Russia—a manifestation, unfortunately, so spectacular that it overshadows and overcrowds everything else. The question of military assistance to those who are fighting against the Bolsheviki is, after all, a matter of great importance today, but of small importance in the whole scheme of the Russian situation. The statesmen of the Allied world seem to forget entirely when they are creating a number of new Slav states that they are preparing a way for the direct entry into the field of Central and Western Europe of the fourth element—the Slavs. The Anglo-Saxons, the Latins and the Teutons so far really decided the fate of the world. A powerful fourth element is being created, more powerful and more important than Russia ever was. Regenerated Russia—and her regeneration must come, in some form or other, sooner or later—reconstructed Poland, Czecho-Slovaks and the South Slav federation are now becoming and are bound to become a most important political element in international life. And is it not clear that the direction in which this new element will tend will be determined almost entirely by the direction in which Russia will turn?

A disorganized Russia, dismembered, weakened by the continuation of the civil war, abandoned by the Allies to her own fate, is bound to come to such forms of state life and to such a condition of economic breakdown that she would not be able to help becoming prey to Germany. Certainly no buffer states like Poland and Czecho-Slovakia can prevent this. They themselves, unless Russia is strong and unless the Allied influence is uppermost in Russia, must eventually succumb to the penetration of Germany, which will seek it not perhaps so much for its own sake as for the sake of obtaining ways into Russia.

The Russo-German Danger

It must be constantly borne in mind that the league of nations, as contemplated today, is constituted without Germany and Russia. The draft of the constitution of the league of nations, which is now before the peace conference, in its tentative classification of the powers of the world relegates Germany and Russia to the ranks of smaller powers. No one can tell when Germany and Russia will become members of the league of nations and will thereby come to be affected by the league pledges. And while they remain outside of the league is there any power on earth that can prevent Germany's penetration into Russia and Germany's virtual domination there?

If the league of nations is to become a living thing, it is imperative for the Allies to render a Russo-German combination impossible. For such a combination, outside of the league, would constitute a menace that would prove fatal to the existence of the league itself. There seems to be only one way to prevent this, and that way is to keep Russia on the side of the Entente and not to abandon her to Germany.

From the point of view of international affairs the struggle in Russia to-day is between those elements which have already once consciously betrayed Russia to Germany, and which, by their activites, have reduced Russia to such a state that she may become prey to Germany, and those elements which were always loyal to the Allies, which want the Allies to exert their influence in Russia and thus save Russia from Germany and save her for the Allies.

The choice of the Allies is clear. They must choose either the necessity of aiding those Russian elements which can still save Russia for democracy or such a policy as would lead them to abandon these elements, losing Russia to Germany, and with her losing the peace. Every consideration of enlightened statesmanship must eventually lead the Allies to envisage these fundamental facts in the most serious of the international situations which the world is facing to-day. Once these fundamentals are recognized, the line of action which such recognition would dictate would follow logically—if it is not too late.

The Yanks on the Marne

[An anonymous song of the A. E. F., quoted in an article by George Pattullo in "The Saturday Evening Post."]

OH, THE English and the Irish, and the 'owlin' Scotties, too,
The Canucks and Austrilee-uns, and the 'airy French poilu;
The only things that bothered us, a year before we knew,
Was 'ow in 'ell the Yanks'd look, an' wot in 'ell they'd do.

They 'adn't 'ad no trynin'; they didn't know the gime;
They 'adn't never marched it much; their shootin' was the sime;
An' the only thing that bothered us that day in lawst July
Was 'ow in 'ell the line'd 'old if they should run awy.

The leggy, nosy new 'uns, just come acrosst the sea!
We couldn't 'elp but wonder 'ow in 'ell their guts'd be;
An' the only thing that bothered us in all our staggerin' ranks
Was wot in 'ell would 'appen w'en the 'Uns 'ad 'it the Yanks.

My word, it 'appened sudden w'en the drive 'ad first begun;
We seen the Yanks a-runnin'—Gaw Blimy, how they run!
But the only thing that bothered us that seen the chase begin
Was 'ow in 'ell to stop 'em 'fore they got into Berlin.

They didn't 'ave no tactics but the bloody manual;
They 'adn't learned no orders but "Ooray" and "Give 'em 'ell!"
But the only thing that bothered us about them leggy lads
Was 'ow in 'ell to get the chow to feed their Kamerads.

Oh, the English and the Irish, and the 'owlin' Scotties, too,
The Canucks and Austrilee-uns, and the 'airy French poilu;
The only thing that bothered us don't bother us no more.
It's only w'y in 'ell we didn't know the Yanks before.

Certainly Is Humiliating

(From The Grand Rapids Free Press.)

We suppose there is nothing more annoying to the man who has just shown that the league of nations is all wrong than to have the man who sweeps the hotel lobby tell him to move, please.

Whether

(From The Baltimore American)

The main question now is whether or not the fine Italian hand is going to sign that treaty.

Fellowship With Lust

(From The Toledo Blade)

The president of one of our more prominent universities proposes that university circles shall take back into the fold the professors and educational leaders of Germany on condition that they make a clean confession of their "amazing prostitution of scholarship and science to national lust."

That is softness of the consistency of the thinnest mush.

The university professors, school leaders and theologians of Germany were the very ones who moulded the thought of the people to lust and conquest. For more than a generation they have not ceased the diabolical teaching of the children and youth of Germany that German kultur must triumph over the world. They kept it up until the Germans were driven out of the last trench.

To receive these men into the fellowship of American universities on condition that they say "We are sorry" is no less a crime against civilization than to give every cold-blooded murderer his liberty on signing the statement, "I regret that I did it."

Let the years of development of university spirit and teaching in Germany determine whether Germany's educators shall be restored to our fellowship. For the present we should keep our American universities entirely free from the presence, influence and odium of the German "professor."

The General's Teakettle

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: General Alexander, in his statement correcting the popular misnomer concerning the "Lost Battalion," reminds one of the story of the ship's steward and the captain's teakettle.

Entering the captain's cabin in trepidation, the Irishman inquired:

"Sir, is a thing lost when you know where it is?"

"Why, no," said the captain, "it is safe if you know where it is."

"Then, sir, your teakettle is safe at the bottom of the sea. It just went overboard."

CHARLES J. RYAN.

Brooklyn, May 6, 1919.

Our Winnings

(From The Washington Star)

People ask, What does the United States get? Why, the covenant absolutely compels Siam to protect the United States in case Andorra runs amuck.

A Fulmination on Fiume

(From The Oklahoma Oklahoman)

President Wilson may also be added to the list of those who have made Rome howl.

The Bolshevik Engine

From Power Plant Engineering

Some of the Turbines and Dynamos, with the Pistons and Rods, got together and talked over their grievances. One Dynamo, pointing a foot toward the Fly-wheel, said: "Why should we all go on getting all hot and working hard to make electricity for the world when that idle Fly-wheel does nothing but whirl around on his shaft? We, who produce the power, should get all the credit and attention and care. Look at him. He sticks up above everything else. Everybody sees him and talks about him. He takes up room and gets painted and fussed over, but he's absolutely useless."

Then the Turbine joined in with his shrill voice: "You're right, Mr. Dynamo; that Fly-wheel belongs to the *bourgeoisie*. He's never made a watt or a horsepower in the nineteen years he's been in this plant. I've watched him carefully. He never hurries or gets heated. He just goes round and round. He's kept all polished up and looks dignified and doesn't work at all; while I'm grinding away night and day, chewing up 150 pounds of steam and turning out light and power. It isn't fair that guy should get away with it and ride all day on the shaft that you fellows work to keep turning."

Up spoke the Piston-rod: "You said something, Brother Turbine. I've had my eye on that fellow, too. . . . This is a power-plant, and those who don't make power haven't any place here."

The Steam-pipe broke out with great heat then: "I am with you, boys. That Fly-wheel does nothing but sponge on us, who do the real work. . . . He's a robber, that's what he is; and the day of the idle plutocrat is going to close. We fellows create all the power in this plant, and we should realize it, and not let ourselves be exploited and our means of livelihood stolen by an idler, who does nothing. . . . Let's put him out."

"Good for you," spoke up a Boiler. "I've been here twenty-six years and I agree. . . . Why don't we boycott that Fly-wheel and refuse to work for him any longer. He stays in a nice, clean, cool room, while I sweat in coal and ashes all day here, where there's no sunlight or air and where it's always hot. He gets all the comfort and I get all the drudgery."

So the Turbine and Dynamo and Piston-rod and Steam-pipe and Boiler decided to organize and talked about a name. They couldn't agree, so they adjourned for a later meeting.

By that time their ideas had grown and they decided to start a movement to make war on all the fly-wheels of the world. And they organized the "International Power Producers' Soviet." They chose red as their emblem and "Down with all idlers!" as their battle cry.

They decided to hold a parade to arouse the other plants; but just as they were starting out a steady voice spoke up from behind the Engine. "Boys, wait a minute; I want to talk to you." It was the Governor speaking, and the "reds" stopped to listen, for they had always had some respect for him. They had heard that if he quit the whole plant would likely be wrecked, and they would all be out of a job for good. So they waited to hear him.

He went on: "Go easy, boys. Don't forget there are outlaws known as 'dead centre' and 'sudden peaks' that can break in here and make tremendous trouble. It's Fly-wheel who keeps them in order. If it wasn't for him 'dead centre' would hold us up so we couldn't start up; and if Fly-wheel wasn't on guard 'sudden peaks' would break in with his gang of heavy loads and we couldn't withstand him. Then we'd lose our jobs, for our outside customers would leave us and there wouldn't be any power plant in operation."

A Pump, who had not been heard from before, spoke up. "I don't see why we should pay much attention to what the Governor says. I've run for eighteen years without a governor and I've pumped 250,000,000 gallons of water. I'm wise to what that party wants. He knows that he doesn't produce any power, either, and he's afraid that if we unite and organize we'll throw him out, too. . . . He's never done any real work. . . ."

In reply, the Governor said: "You may all do as you please. If you throw out either the Fly-wheel or me, you'll all soon be out of a job and starving. But maybe you'll have to before you learn the lesson."

Then everybody joined in at once. Some wanted to consider what the Governor said, and began to call themselves Conservatives. Others joined with Steam-pump and called themselves Radicals. They were for throwing out all Valves and Meters that might in any way control the operation of the plant.

And so the argument raged. Meantime, Fly-wheel and Governor went on about their tasks, working with the Conservatives and trying to keep things going so that the Radicals would not wreck the plant and throw everybody out of a job.

That's where matters stood at the last report.

A "Who's Loony Now?" Club

(From The Baltimore Sun)

Mr. Chaloner, who had to flee from New York nearly a score of years ago to insure his personal liberty, has at last been given a clean mental bill of health by a New York judge. The demurrer to his suit by the New York newspaper which he charged with libel alleged that he was *non compos mentis*, and made his sanity an issue. This gave him the opportunity to file with the court a history of his case, the grounds on which he had been declared insane in New York, and the testimony of psychological and medical experts of other places in his favor.

His own evidence shows him to be an extremely eccentric person, but the New York court, like those in the South, declines to consider eccentricity a proof of insanity. If it had done so, what would have become of hundreds of learned psychologists, poets, editors, statesmen and other persons of unusual intellectual pattern? In Chaloner's triumph they triumphed all. The right of life, liberty and eccentricity is now assured. A man may believe in ghosts, mediums, mascots and hoodoos without fear of being shut up in an asylum. This is something to be thankful for at a period which is producing so many mental suspects. We hope Mr. Chaloner will form a national organization of the "Who's Loony Now Society." We believe it would be powerful in numbers, if not in genius.

Credit Where It Belongs

(From The Baltimore American)

An octogenarian attributes his long life to daily exercise on the fiddle. But why not give the charity of his neighbors credit?